

# JEDI MIND TRICKS

*Legacy of Blood*



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Age of Sacred Terror"

I make you bleed with knives  
I was born with all-seeing eyes  
I can snatch a rapper's heart before it even dies  
The caveman still believe in lies  
You don't want no blood or no beef like you was Vegan Reich  
You like to sleep with guys  
You a gay maggot  
Listening to fucking B2K faggot  
Go to raves faggot  
Put a hole in your heart  
Destroy everything that you know and you thought  
Destroy everything in Babylon  
You fucking fake rap, I hate rap cause you babble on  
You fucking fags are gone, I'm a hate monger  
That's reason why you talking to the jake longer  
Put the snakes on you, let you die there  
And who gave you the fucking impression that I care?  
I can thrive here, but I choose to die  
On a fucking steady diet of booze and lye!

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'  
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

It's the age of the sacred terror  
A communist revolutionary, Che Guevara  
Take your cheddar, take everything that you care for  
Murder everybody that's what they was there for  
And therefore, you getting wet from the heat  
Take the food from your plate, ain't letting you eat  
Ain't letting you do nothing that I don't want you to  
You a crumb and that's why I like to fuck with you  
I don't care about anybody except me  
Until my main man Mafia is set free  
You waiting for the revolution to start  
But you ain't on the frontlines taking two in the heart  
Elusively smart, that's why I hide from the feds  
Jason Voorhees style, 5 severed heads  
5 corpses, 5 state troopers dead  
Lickin shots in they face till the Ruger's red

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'  
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

If you serve God for money, you serve the devil  
Claim to been in war, never heard the metal  
Yeah, never even been in combat  
Never even felt the supreme love from a warm gat  
I'm on another plane  
You can stand in front of your fam  
But I'm shootin right through your mother frame  
I got knuckle game, but I don't use that  
Fuck a fair one, where the two-tuos at?  
Where the nitrous oxide and balloons at?  
Where my motherfucking Uncle Howie goons at?

This for everybody holding hammers  
If you coming to our shows and you go bananas  
And holding banners in support of Mumia Jamal  
Run up on you fuckin pigs with the heaters n' all  
I'm deceiving the law, thats what I'm here for  
The reason why I'm drinkin all the fucking beer for

I'm the type to take it there, buck shots and start wilin'  
Toss up the challenge, fuck the profilin'

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Scars of The Crucifix"

I finally understand what all this is  
How it was all possible  
Now I see  
Good Lord, how we must look from out there  
Our addiction is evil

My brain's on another level than yours  
You could only comprehend half of what my memory stores  
I only walk through the heavenly doors  
And never tryna see the penitentiary walls  
I walk barefoot on the equator  
With the mental acumen of Bob Lazar  
My frame can't be explored by y'all radar  
My name can't be absorbed in God's quasar  
So I ain't tryna stay around this Hell  
Twelve thou from all the twelve tribes of Israel  
They call me Ishmael, Lord of the Seas  
I'll take your life quick, gone in a fucking breeze  
You don't deserve to breathe, your brain thoughtless  
While I remain in the same Spain fortress  
But pain's gorgeous and love is torture  
And anyone who tell you different is a martyr

It makes no difference what I do  
Whether I draw blood or not  
You cannot see God unless you are pure  
Prove there's no evil and you can go  
It's the violence of my will against theirs

I'm from the pits of hell escaping from an Egyptian cell  
I dedicate this to the saints that's doing bids in jail  
You fucking kids are frail and we the purest form  
And the biology of magic is a gorgeous psalm  
My deepest thoughts are strong and I'm unbreakable  
You wouldn't overstand, you're humanly incapable  
My appetite for blood is gruesomely insatiable  
And I'm a righteous thug that's brutally defacing you  
And you don't want no war, it ain't a game, daddy  
I spit a bunch of slugs into your fucking frame, daddy  
You just a fucking crumb, my clique is hustling jums  
I spit a rap at you to liquify your guts and lungs  
But the Devil made me do that  
Fighting for the rights of Islam armed with two gats  
But y'all knew that, we was coming for blood  
And your body, the perfect specimen to put in the mud

You are only a vessel for our God  
What are you afraid of?  
Eventually everyone does the same  
We're not evil because of the evil we do  
We do evil because we are evil

I civilize the savages while you support gay marriages  
Evil demons and the Jesus of Nazareth

I keep my blade more sharper than the cactus's  
I keep grenades in my parka for the pacifists  
And you can't lie to God, cousin  
You can't lie to the great Master Fard, cousin  
It's a facade, cousin, they wanna lie to you  
They wanna tell you that the government's reliable  
They wanna tell you that Islam is dangerous  
When everybody know the Christians are the blame for this  
Cause it's the truth, deal with it  
But you complain every time I'm real with it  
I'm 'bout to kill critics and then take 'em to war  
And teach 'em how to put they love and they faith in Allah  
Or I'm breaking their jaw or I'll take 'em to burn  
Cause that's the only fucking way that the pagans will learn

Essence is revealed through praxis  
Because you are not ready to receive it  
It's not like we have any option  
There is no history, everything we are is eternally within us  
We're not sinners because we sin, we sin because we are sinners

Bleeding trees waiting for judgement day  
Where we can all hang ourselves from our own branches  
It's not that easy

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Saviourself"

(feat. Killah Priest)

[Vinnie Paz:]

I built with Alexander the Great, he told the Persians they should stay gone  
Then he told me about the Oracle of Ammon  
He gave me no clue where it is  
Men feared time yet time feared the pyramids  
He gave me more jewels  
He told me that Amenhotep was immortal  
I can't overstand hieroglyph  
So I called Killah Priest and he taught me how to follow it  
I walked through the Valley of the Kings  
With a white robe, white rose and Muwali rings  
And your whole team Judas  
My road thin, gold skin like Zeus'  
I speak the dialog of the dead  
I practiced the same war tactics in King Arthur's head  
So let the swordsmen kill the beast  
It's a Legacy of Blood with Vinnie Paz and Killah Priest

"The Sun Won't Come Out, unless the crowd start this  
'Cause if it was my choice, you all dance in darkness"  
"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst  
Took the pen from the nurse and hold the mic up first"  
"Put your rhymes, the rhymes, put your rhymes on the altar  
Burn them as a sacrifice"

[Killah Priest:]

I paint flows with the feathers from the wings of angels  
Red ink from saint blood, nigga you ain't thug  
Stare into the face of a king's mug, crushed grape fill the wine jug  
III thoughts build from the mind of rhyme, rose off the tongue like fine rugs  
Let me walk you through this for the clueless

I'm Shakespearean with gray earrings  
Speak like Tiberius, write novels  
Spit it like Aristotle, face half Pharaoh  
And half owl, I took the path of Cairo  
Came back with the Dead Sea Gospel  
Now known as the Dead Street Apostle  
We see them Feds, shoot them hollows  
Bullets spread till they meet Diablo  
Stars in alignment, Priest meet with Jedi Mind Tricks  
Reach them climates where you can't breath  
Stay high off that dead weed  
In the mind is where I plant seeds to grow fruit  
Of king's so brute of army troops, mighty men in celestial suits  
You need healing, my mic give you incredible boost  
Where I use satellite dish and stare at my alphabetical soup  
Plus I use the Big Dipper to take more than one scoop  
It's Priesthood

"Straight up, we serve justice  
So if they can't be trusted, may you return where the dust is"  
"Put your rhymes on the alter

Burn them as a sacrifice"  
"Elements burst and gave birth to the worst  
Get the pen from the nurse and hook the mic up first"  
"Put your rhymes on the altar  
Burn them as a sacrifice"

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

I studied Element 115 with the Elohim  
Saw the Canaanites, Sumerians and the Philistines  
This is street gospel  
If you don't believe in life on Mars, that mean the beast got you  
You don't wanna see me and Killah Priest hostile  
You don't wanna see desert eag' heat pop you  
This is Mothman Prophecy  
Walk back to the sand of Iraq and let the prophet breathe  
We turned all our water into toxic seas  
And walk in war with armor that I copped in Greece  
Then I shot the beast with a long arrow  
Studied Imhotep to be a strong Pharaoh

It's a war when the gods spit  
It's Allah when I split the icebergs in the Arctic  
I don't care what the cause is  
And I'ma ride for my fam no matter what the cost is

Yeah, Vinnie Paz, Killah Priest, yeah  
Priesthood, Maccabees, yeah, Army of the Pharaohs  
Aight? Yeah

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Julio César Chávez Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]

Yeah... Vinnie Paz, baby

Yeah... yeah... yeah

This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber

If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger

Heavy metal rap, with a four four banger

We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya

I play homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace

And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers

I'm with Allah justice, and we raw gritty

Picture hell, Illadel' to New York City

I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring

And now we more merciless than the Statue of Ming

And y'all more purposeless than a pacifist king

You gon' die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing

It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics

Genuine brilliance or innate madness

Yeah, we all spin on the same axis

And this chrome thing here, leave your frame backless

The police always try'na aim flame at us

So I don't mind when the pig brain splatters

I don't mind, that we all gon' die soon

I return to the silence of God's tomb

[GZA:]

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'

My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

I don't believe what I'm seeing, I don't believe it

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time

We ask you to please rise (you'll never quit

No one will ever get it, there's no thing quit)

Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baselines

Skyscraper verticals, support the hang time

Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime

Trace back to a few, from out a group of nine

Who performed well, regardless to the price of the tickets

Off or onstage, whatever, still kick it

With the footwork, of Freddie Adu, it's all new

Now the rap commissioners, they wanna clone my shoe

But the road's narrow, and it's difficult to climb

With the heat, the wind and the fallen rocks combined

It's hard to stay in line, the course is an obstacle

Within each chamber, the force is unstoppable  
Lyrical swordsman, blades sharp, I cut out your heart  
M.C.'s want no part, in any type of conflict  
Because then I respond quick, it gets thick  
The problem goes beyond sick

There's no escapin', once my blade starts scrapin'  
My sword, indeed, make more niggas bleed

Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

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Wannabe MC's is shakin'

So swift, naked eye couldn't record the speed

[*Vinnie Paz:*]

(Wearin' red trunks with silver trim, fightin' outta Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)

This is how we do (His game is tight, and there's nothing to do)

Pazmanian Devil, Frank Vinatra, Jedi Mind, Wu-Tang

What's the deal, baby? GZA/Genius, Stoupe on the track, yeah

My man Stoupe on the boards

Those who dare oppose us shall stand knee deep in the blood of their children

Is that he who follows the pleasure of Allah

Like him who has made himself deserving of displeasure from Allah

And his abode in Hell, and it is an evil destination...)

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Darkest Throne (Interlude)"

*[Boy:]*

"Bless me Father for I have sinned

*[Father:]*

That's the one

Do you realize what you've said?

It was only once father

Do you know what the fifth is?

The fifth is that if you don't say anything its not incriminating

The fifth commandment!

Thou shalt not kill

That's right, now I want you to tell me what happened

No father, I'm not telling nobody nothing

Don't be afraid my son, nobody's more powerful than god

I don't know about that father, your guys bigger than my guy up there

My guys bigger than your guy down here

You got a point, five our fathers and five "Hail marys" for penance

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Worst"

Don't be scared, be prepared for the worst  
Before I let a whole round of shots burst  
    You the opening act so rock first  
Trust me, multiple shots from Glocks hurt  
    And I think there's been enough said  
Cause your body's gonna leak like a mothafuckin dust-head  
    Burner love to see the blood red  
And you pussy-clout rappers can't sleep until a thug's dead  
    But I don't plan to die  
    Until it's my time  
So just keep playa hating from the sidelines  
    It's divine rhyme  
    Jedi Mind time  
    It's rap cyanide  
    Study the guidelines  
    Yeah on my last few twelve inches  
Walk around with a long knife-twelve inches  
    That's real sharp for cutting ya skin  
Tie you up make you watch while I'm fuckin' ya kin

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

    Yeah  
    I have an iron force  
    Robbin' you on the iron horse  
I'm a lion that's relyin' on the Mayan's thoughts  
    I'm spittin' iron darts  
    Until there's more dead  
Then I'm seeing triple sixes on your forehead  
    I don't wanna die anymore  
    I don't wanna cry anymore  
    Wanna lie anymore  
    I just want y'all to be dead  
I just wanna get rid of all these sick thoughts in my head  
    I stay ready on the frontline  
    ("Anybody wants mine, that's when it's lunchtime")  
    And I'm a threat to the whole land  
    Men fear God  
    But God fear no man  
    That's the mothafuckin program  
I could feel snakes just from handshakes from a cold hand  
    Time waits for no man  
    And that's word bond  
    Throw 'em in a ditch  
    Bury 'em the herb gone

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

This is war rap similar to Jacob's ladder  
Walk around like Thor with a sacred hammer  
Yeah you don't really want the guns out  
We some vampire mo'fuckas  
Burn when the sun's out  
Y'all are traveling the bum route  
Talking 'bout whips, standing on the strip with your thumbs out  
But that ain't me  
I don't care about a whip  
Y'all are fake money just another counterfeit  
While y'all are on the block thinkin bout your pipe dreams  
I'm Slick Rick style thinkin how my ice gleams  
Thinkin how I'm gonna make this money  
Take a visit to the Bing and embrace my dunny  
I guess this is just a part of God's plan  
Beware of the beast undercover in the marked van  
If you a smart man  
Use your voice to sing  
Cause that's the only fucking way to avoid the bing

Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst  
Don't get scared, just be prepared for the worst

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Verses Of The Bleeding"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]

Allahu Akbar, everybody just be calm  
That's the word passed down from the imam  
It came from the Qur'an, it can't be wrong  
It's only measured in time of God's eons  
So I suggest you follow Allah way  
Or turn into a bitch inside the jungle's the raw way  
That's what the law say, you ain't ready for that  
You better bring a bulletproof and machete for that  
And nobody want to be there  
They stick you with dirty motherfuckers up in the tear  
Now it's back to the topic at hand, I'm rocking your fam  
And fight against the army with a rock in my hand  
A Glock in my hand, divide your body into two parts  
Exchange entire theories of God by spitting two darts  
But I just want people to build  
And did imam Al Husayn know that he would be killed?

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah  
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all  
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild  
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah  
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all  
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild  
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

[Des Devious:]

I got a vice grip on the mic spitting my shit  
My balls and arrogance alone be the cause of these hits  
Easily split your wig with the flick of a wrist  
Send a block, your body dragging you into the abyss  
But that's some sick shit I only do when I trip  
Or when I'm tailing motherfuckers running they lip  
That's when I start the procedure of body beating you to a seizure  
Your crew is standing there staring looking like non-believers  
I felt 'em standing and staring, that's when I pulled the heater  
My ratchet cooking these faggots, I make 'em all see the  
Fact of the matter is, if you don't back down  
This ain't no slap down, you getting clapped clown  
So don't be running 'round, talking all this and that  
That's female shit, type of shit that get you trapped  
Into a dark corner, rope pulling on ya  
Tried to escape, head shots left your ass a goner

[Vinnie Paz, Des Devious:]

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah  
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all  
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild  
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

We coming for blood, in the name of Allah  
We coming for blood, and we ain't playing with y'all  
We coming for blood, we destroy and rebuild  
We coming for blood, if you ain't loyal, you killed

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm ready to blackout, crippler cross-face tap-out  
Coming through the fucking door with the gats out  
Let the blood rain down and drip on your skin  
Let the slug hit your crown and rip from your limbs  
I'm the illest fucking rapper alive  
Give me sixteen shots, I can crack you in five  
I have to survive, have to get my money and shine  
Have to get everything that I used to promise my mom  
I got to do it for everyone that I promised something  
For everyone who thought I wouldn't be alive or something  
Come on money, that's some cold shit, wishing me dead  
So I'm beating them mid-section till they pissing in red

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Beyond The Gates Of Pain"

(feat. Sean Price)

Yeah, let's do it right this time  
Jedi Mind tricks, Sean P  
Straight up! Let's go!  
Yeah! (haha)

[Sean Price:]

Yes, just confess, the best is I  
Leave you, stretched from the sket, in Bedford-Stuy  
Would've let you jet but I bet if I  
Did that like a rat – you testify?  
Niggas like what's the matter with Sean?  
I'm like "Nothing, just thinkin' of a verse that can shatter the song"  
Foreign bitches know the stamina strong  
20 G's for the pictures, stay in the country, so I married the mob  
Sean's thirty-two, but the gauge is 12  
In the fifth for these funny niggas; Dave Chappelle  
When Run-DMC was fuckin' Raising Hell  
I was on the run from d's, these raised in hell  
Kinda broke, couldn't raise the bell  
Called my man, he broke two fuckin' arms, sold the gauge for bail  
Beat the case, got my big gauge back as well  
With rap, you can sing such amazing tales, nigga  
Ya'll niggas bust my web  
Heat pop, niggas cut ya dreads, cuz ya'll scared  
Rockin' and rollin', guns and roses  
Pockets is swollen, son is holding  
Sean P, I'm the master of ceremony  
That's blastin' at every phony ass rapper that ever know me  
Niggas act like they ready for war  
Get slapped with the tool, wake up bitch, get ready for school, one

[Vinnie Paz:]

We in this game for the money and the long life  
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics  
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes  
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

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Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics  
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes  
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

I'm more powerful than Gargamel, guard ya grill  
And you'll be starved and killed  
It's hard to build, when God reveal  
That you eat lard for meals  
So as the saga builds, we need raw shit  
We need EPMD to drop more shit  
The hardcore shit, bang out, bust a gat  
The '84 shit, hang out, hustle crack  
We build and we destroy until the sun drop  
Until we hear the sounds of the last gun shot  
But I'mma ride until the wheels fall off

Til the high in these last few pills wear off  
You failed with frost, pussy rap, filled and crossed  
Sellin' bags of that raw shit filled with salt  
I kill ya thoughts, with a nine MA eagle  
Make me sick to my stomach, like ya'll gay people  
I'mma slay evil, that's what Allah likes  
Vinnie Paz, Jedi Mind Tricks, Sean Price

We in this game for the money and the long life  
Whether we battle with the gats or it's all mics  
We can rumble with the bats or the long pipes  
Vinnie Paz, it's a wrap, with Sean Price

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# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "And So It Burns"

You funny style to me, it's war when the beat drop  
Just another motherfucker gon' see Pac  
You the type that'll run when the heat pop  
The type that'll hide a gun when he see cops  
But not me, I'll aim a .38 at the crown  
Show up the next day at the wake and frown  
Yeah, and then I'll laugh at the widow  
And my man Stoupe blast through the window  
Foul when I was young but I survived karma  
Drop bombs like a B-25 on ya  
Yeah, it's Vietnam in the trenches  
Just keep my seat warm on the benches  
I run with wild Puerto Ricans that hit L's  
And study classical verses by Big L  
We came up in the game at the same time  
And beat a hundred fifty rappers with the same rhyme

When touch a microphone I usually rock it  
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic  
It's on 'til the death, 'til we settle the score  
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what  
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

I'm a mothafuckin baboon  
Hit you with thirty-seven stab wounds  
Bury your body deep in earth inside a black tomb  
You scared of the rain, you fair-weather  
I'm hardcore like Paul Bearer in sheer terror  
I'll be ready for war with suede Timbs on  
Y'all ain't ready to brawl until Vin's gone  
Won't stop till you dead in Hell  
Vinnie Paz, mega-child daddy, Ed Rendell  
Was bred to fail, yeah, because the beast in all us  
I was rocking Diadoras while you was eating porridge  
I was listening to the Hilltop Hustlers  
While you was ducking from sounds of popped mufflers  
You was playing little games with your fathers  
I was robbing motherfuckers for they Starters  
You a novice and I'm a old vet  
And I was there when the heavens and the globe met

When I touch a microphone I usually rock it  
Those that don't like it, then you're psychotic  
It's on 'til the death 'til we settle the score  
Bust off, we bust back strapped ready for war, what  
Been down for years rockin ten for ten [?] take your whole damn clan?

We ain't safe if the bomb exists  
So I side with the Vietnamese Communists  
If you with me motherfucker raise your arm and fist  
And we can bust a fucking cap and see if God exists  
I scarred your wrist, with a poisonous rusty razor  
If it's Jedi Mind Tricks then it must be flavour  
And it ain't safe no more

Ain't safe in the motherfucking place no more  
Get laced in your upper body, face and jaw  
You the type of faggot we ain't got the patience for  
We break the law, while we pay our respect to Allah  
But if it's beef then we be spraying your neck with a four  
I love to hear the sound of a corpse drop  
So protect your fucking neck like a cough drop  
I'm licking four shots from different latitudes  
So keep it moving like a bitch that got an attitude

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Me Ne Shalto"

Yeah, Jedi Mind baby  
Check it out, yeah, aight, yeah

Junkyard Dog, real dirty and mean  
Take your face off cousin, I'm a surgery fiend  
The type of cat that would rather just be heard than be seen  
Hold a gat, at the end of it's a burgundy beam  
We serving the fiends, with a dose of the uncut  
And when there's beef with the heat, then who want what?  
You just waiting for the bombs to rain  
Put your body in a hole like Saddam Hussein  
So guard your frame when the .45 shells drop  
Cause it's dark and it's hot like in Hell, Ahk  
Vinnie Paz on some other shit  
I like my gat chrome, backbone and a rubber grip  
Licking shots at the government  
With a knife out at the White House right in front of it  
That's who you fucking with, I'm a sick monster  
Slam dance in the motherfucking pit monster

Y'all motherfuckers don't overstand skill

Listen, I ain't gon' play no more  
Beat a faggot till he ain't fucking gay no more  
We gon' stay making hits, this is infinite  
This is Vinnie Paz world, you just live in it  
You just living in my world of doom  
Until Jedi Mind decide to build your tomb  
I build with goons, build with brother that's hustling leak  
And there ain't nobody that's rawer than us on the beat  
Ain't nobody rawer than Paz-Man  
Cause I can drop a motherfucking bomb on you like The Gap Band  
We coming strapped man, it's a war cousin  
Hit you with the Ric Flair figure four cousin  
Barry Windham right hand to your jaw cousin  
Road Warriors, Animal and Hawk cousin  
Take a walk, cousin, cause I'm done with you  
Or you'll be looking down the barrel of a gun or two

I'm coming for your head  
Like something from the Dawn of the Dead  
Vito Corleone style, horse on a bed  
Thoughts on a bed from a hollow tip  
Chop off your fucking tongue, make you swallow it  
You the type that got Amadou Diallo hit  
The type to admit you faggot and be proud of it  
Turn it down a bit, I can't think daddy  
I think I need another motherfucking drink daddy  
I think I'll hit the fucking bar with King Syze  
Who's these motherfuckers dressing in pink guys?  
You a retard, claim to be street smart  
But you the first one to run when the beef start  
You fucking sweetheart, you're in the wrong game  
Beat your head till you dead with a long chain

Jedi Mind Tricks gon' have a long reign  
And the opposite of pleasure is all pain

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"On The Eve Of War (Meldrick Taylor Mix)"

[Vinnie Paz:]

This is raw, all across the board, Liquid Sword Chamber  
If it's coming from my jaw, then it's pure anger  
Heavy metal rap, with a 44 banger  
We can settle that, let the mic cord hang ya  
I pay homage to the best of them, like Christopher Wallace  
And bring drama to the rest of 'em, with biscuits from coppers  
I'm with the Lord-Justice, and we raw gritty  
Pits of hell, Illadel' to New York City  
I brought a four with me, we can capture the ring  
And now we more merciless than a Statue of Ming  
And ya'll are more purposeless than a pacifist king  
You gonna die, like a brawl with a gat in the Bing  
It's a passionate thing, the way we make classics  
Genuine brilliance or innate madness  
Yeah, we all spin on the same axis  
And this chrome thing here leave your frame backless  
The police always trying to aim flame at us  
So I don't mind when a pig brain splatters  
I don't mind that we all gonna die soon  
I return to the silence of God's tomb  
Yaaaaah

[GZA:]

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping  
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed  
Wanabe MC's is shaken  
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping  
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Imagine a rhyme in it's prime, from off the baseline  
Skyscraper vertical, support the hang time

Evidence that was left at the scene of the crime, traced back to a few from outta group of nine  
Who perform well regardless to the price of the tickets  
Off or on stage, whatever  
Still kick it, with the footwork of Freddy Adu  
It's all new, now the rap commissioners they wanna clone my shoe  
With the rose now, and its difficult to climb  
With the heat and wind and fallin' rocks combined  
It's hard to stay aligned the course is an obstacle  
Within each chamber the force it unstoppable  
Lyrical swordsman blade sharp, I'll cut out your heart  
MC's want no part of any type of conflict  
Because when I respond quick, it gets thick  
The problem goes beyond sick

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping  
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed  
Wanabe MC's is shaken  
So swift naked eye couldn't record the speed

There is no escaping once my blade start scraping  
My sword indeed make more niggas bleed  
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# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Philosophy of Horror"

I was Albert Eiensteins mind, I was Italy's fine wine  
I was working with God when he defined time  
I was there when the guns first let off  
There when they cut King Charles' head off  
There when the CIA bottled the crack  
And the tradgedy and triumph of Geronimo Pratt  
Punch a faggot till his nose bleed heavy  
Dead 'em all, then I escape in green Chevy  
I merk your wisdom, spit a dart at you to hurt your vision  
Put you in the worst position in a Turkish prison  
Yeah, and my intention is to waste y'all  
And cover your body with stiches like a baseball  
I fucking lace y'all with the word of the sword  
And leaving you bleeding in a ditch while you serving the lord  
You deserve to be mauled by an army of bees  
Just another faggot dead in his army fatigues

Fuck ya crucifix, your religion and its uselessness  
Your propaganda is more wickeder than Lucifer's  
Islamic scientists predicted the computer chips  
I spit a rap at you to rock you like Medusa's lips  
You fucking goons are sick, and y'all can see that  
And y'all are my sons like Ebrahim and Eshak  
So lets take a walk through the tivest town  
I'm the divine science of the light and the sound  
I'm the sublime giant with the right to the crown  
I'm the divine tyrant and I'm striking you down  
So I teach my kin to attack the beast  
For trying to hide me from the 4th book of Maccabees  
You wack MC's catch a hook to the head  
Cause y'all don't know about the Tibetan book of the dead  
You don't know about anything that's important  
About the Dead Sea scrolls found in Jordan  
About the way that you conduct yourself in Satan's wrath  
But I don't fuck with you, you walking down the pagan's path

I'm a swordsmen, the apocalypse horsemen  
What makes me smile is another's misfortune  
I like to see your body in flames scortchin'  
I like to see a part of your brain auctioned  
I like to see inside of your main organs  
I like to see inside of your veins pourin'  
I find beauty in another's pain  
I find beauty in the spirit of God but I don't fuckin' change  
I find serenity in torture  
My thoughts are too pure for the human mind to author  
It's called God consciousness  
Its a level beyond the God's marred thoughtlessness  
I stay ready for the combat  
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at  
I stay ready for the combat  
While the ignorant praying and they wondering where they God at



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Before The Great Collapse"

To face what we are in the end

We stand before the light

And our true nature is revealed

Self-revelation is annihilation of self

Mummy, I don't wanna live no more

I don't think I got nothin' else to give no more

It's like I lost my passion for life

It's like all my actions are trife

I don't feel like I used to about the world

I don't feel like I used to about my girl

I just wanna die mummy cause it's too hard

I just wanna lie calmly and to view God

Ever since daddy died it's been pain mummy

It's like there's something wrong with my brain mummy

You was always there for me so I love you

I die for you and I place no one above you

Tell Lenny and the kids that you stay strong

And when I meet my maker that I'm gonna pray for'em

And tell P that I think he'll be a great father

Tell Young that I think he'll be a great author

Tell Planet that his wife and kids are gorgeous

And the same go for Andy and for Marcus

Tell Syze that I have faith in 'em

And never let the industry snakes get 'em

The entire world is a graveyard

(The ending of time)

We're the ones

(The ending of time)

Who let the dying know

(The ending of time)

The hour has come

I got a few things more I should say mummy

I never meant to hurt you in any way mummy

I never meant to hurt anyone, it's God's work

Cause wakin' up everyday for me is hard work

And tell June that she was the love of my life

And that I never stopped lovin' here even in spite

All the things that we went through together

Through the highs and lows and bad weather

Let Frank know he always made me smile

Tell him back in the days was crazy wild

Tell Stoupe that I always had his back, ma'

And we was meant to be together on a track, ma'

Tell Cheek I consider him a brother

When I die, the pain will spit into another

That's just how life goes ma, it's painful!

I'll come back to you in dreams as an angel

So don't blame yourself for what happened

Cause you was the best mother that I could fathom

So I'm going to the first place I can go

I love you, sincerely Vincenzo!

The ending of time  
The entire world's a graveyard

    Mommy just tell everyone I love them know  
    What I'm saying? Tell my man mike tell my magruff  
        Keep holding me down know what I mean?  
        Who let the dying know tell them to stay strong  
        Tell Devious to keep doing his thing mommy  
    The hour has come tell locke to keep his head up things  
        Gonna get better know what I'm saying?  
    Everything's going to be good for everybody it's just hard  
        Its just hard for me I know this may seem like its  
        The easy way out but its not the pain hurt  
    Tell everyone I love them and I always had their back  
        Yeah sincerely yours Vinnie Pazienza

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"The President's Wife"

(feat. Des Devious)

[Vinnie Paz:]

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Animal thugs who bust slugs in the lobby

[Vinnie Paz & Des Devious:]

Fuck George W. Bush and what he stand for  
For sending my little cousin into the damn war  
What the fuck we on somebody else's land for?  
Murder innocent people for Uncle Sam's law  
Everybody know it's all over oil  
It's all for the greed and the money that ain't for you  
It's all for the head of the state that ain't loyal  
Off with the head of a snake, he ain't royal  
He gave two-billion dollars to the Taliban  
And young Americans dead before they had a fam  
Look, I don't got beef with a war  
I got beef with a war mistreating the poor  
I got beef with everything that he do  
I got beef with the lies misleading the youth  
And I'm about to take the law in my own hands  
And I'm about to aim a 4 at a grown man  
North, south, we should ride up at night  
Black masks, black tape, black gun to his wife  
Should we terrorize the city like the Summer of Sam?  
Or should we kidnap the president's wife without a plan?

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck

We at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave

And I'm about to run up in this motherfucker and blast  
First things first, cousin, how we get in?  
We could take the janitor for all they gear and they timbs  
We could tell them that we trying to raise money for aids  
And we could start the onslaught for all they criminal ways  
Now that we in here, where the fuck the wife at?  
Where my four pound? Where the fucking knife at?  
My fault, it's right here with the spiked bat  
We deading 'em raw, nobody can fight back  
She probably in the bedroom scared to death  
She heard gunshots and she knew what's next  
Des, kick in the door  
If the bitch make a move, dump a clip in the whore  
She ain't moving, that bitch took a piss on the floor  
And she ain't getting nothing else except a kick in the jaw  
Tell her husband we need more money for poor folk  
And to respect others like the book that Allah wrote  
Nah nigga, I ain't with that deal

Put a bullet in her head and let him see how it feels

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Y'all ever smell the stench of dead bodies?  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Kidnap the president's wife without a plan  
Animal thugs who bust slugs in the lobby  
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck  
Anybody move, shake, shiver, quiver, I buck